

The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.

King. Emilius doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.
Exeunt.

*Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with
Drums and Souldiers.*

Lucius. Approued warriers, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make trebble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

of Titus Andronicus

And as he saith, so say we all with
Lucius. I humbly thanke him
But who comes heere led by a l

*Enter a Goth leading of
in his a*

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from
To gaze vpon a ruinous Mona
And as I earnestly did fixe mine
Vpon the wasted building sudd
I heard a child cry vnderneath a
I made vnto the noise, when soo
The crying babe controlld with
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and
Did not thy hue bewray whose b
Had nature lent thee but thy mo
Villaine thou mightst haue been
But where the Bull and Cow are
They neuer doe beget a cole-bla
Peace villaine peace, euen thus h
For I must beare thee to a trusty
Who when he knowes thou art
Will hold thee dearly for thy m
With this my weapon drawne I
Surprizd him suddainly, and br
To vse as you thinke needfull of

Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this
That robd *Andronicus* of his goo
This is the Pearle that pleasd yo
And here's the base fruite of her
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wou
This growing Image of thy fier
Why doost not speake? what d